

Seein' Double in Deadeye

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**Disclaimer and Notes:** _Jamie Madrox and Wade Wilson do not belong to me. They belong to Marvel Entertainment, as does Rahne Sinclair, the Summerses and the Guthries. Deuce technically belongs to Marvel as well. "Inka Dinka Doo" belongs to, I believe, Turner Entertainment Co. now, though it was originally published by Borne Co. This writing is not for profit. It is merely for enjoyment._

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This is an Elseworlds piece. It does not fall under any kind of continuity. It was written in response to a Deadpool Team-up challenge on the OTL mailing list. I don't know if this really fits under a team-up category but it's what I came up with. Enjoy. Feedback is always welcomed.

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A late summer sun pounded down on Deadeye, Wyoming. The little range town seemed to pull in upon itself for protection upon the relentless summer heat.

Sheriff Jamie 'Tex' Madrox rested on the porch of his office and looked over the main road. It had been quiet in his town lately. The range war between the Summers and the Guthries had ended and the two prolific families had settled into a relatively easy truce.

The streets were quiet. It seemed that no one was particularly eager to be out in the heat. Sheriff 'Tex' sighed and picked his teeth. "I got me a feelingâ€|"

As if on cue, the thundering of hooves and gunfire destroyed the silence of Deadeye. A cloud of dust swept down the street and halted in front of the sheriff's office. The cloud cleared to reveal a masked man on a paint horse.

"I'm Dirty Pool Wade," the man announced with a burst of gunfire. "And I'm the rootinest, tootinest, rassumest, frassumest, meanest varmint west of the Pecos!" [Bang! Bang! Bang!] "And this here is my horse, Deuce, the rootinest, tootinest, rassumest, frassumest, meanest horse-type varmint west of the Mississippi!" [Bang!]

Sheriff 'Tex' nodded. "That's a mean horse, all right."

"You're darn tootin!" [Bang!] Dirty Pool Wade paused. "Mind if I ask a question?"

"Go right on ahead."

"Where the hell am I?"

"This here is Deadeye. You're deep in the heart of Wyoming, Dirty Pool."

"Deadeye?" Dirty Pool holstered his guns and pulled out a battered and tattered Thomas Brothers map. "Dadgummed if I didn't take a wrong turn at Tehachapi. I was supposed to meet up with my rootin, tootin, rassum, frassum, mean, varmint buddies in Durango."

Sheriff 'Tex' shrugged sympathetically. "Maybe you need a new map."

Dirty Pool whipped out his pistol. [Bang! Bang! Bang!] "That's better. What I need is a drink. Have you got a saloon here, Sheriff?"

"Was jest about to head there myself," Sheriff 'Tex' replied. "Deuce there looks about ready for a drink himself. Let me get my deputy to keep an eye on things out here." Sheriff 'Tex' turned and rapped sharply on the door.

It opened immediately and Deputy Jamie 'Bud' Madrox stepped out. "Somethin' you want, Sheriff?"

"Keep an eye out on the streets whiles I head to the saloon with Dirty Pool, here."

"Sure thing, boss man." Deputy 'Bud' sat down in a chair eyed the streets diligently.

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Sheriff 'Tex' and Dirty Pool Wade strolled into the bar, leaving Deuce outside to drink his fill of the trough. A piano player bearing a striking resemblance to Jimmy Durante tickled the keys while singing: "Inka Dinka Dink A Dinka Dooâ€|"

"Where the barkeep?" Dirty Pool demanded loudly, removing his mask in preparation to drink.

Sheriff 'Tex' pounded his fist on the bar. Immediately, Barkeep Jamie 'Curly' Madrox popped up.

"What can I get you fellas?"

Dirty Pool looked at 'Curly' then at Sheriff 'Tex' with one eyebrow raised.

"Problem, Dirty Pool?" Sheriff 'Tex' inquired.

"Not if I get a drink."

"Drinka Dinka Dink A Dinka Dooâ€|"

Dirty Pool growled in the piano's direction and pulled out his gun. "Shut up!" [Bang!]

The music ceased.

"Here you are," 'Curly' poured two drinks. "Specialty of the house."

"How do you call it?" Dirty Pool asked.

"Seein' Double," 'Curly' replied. "Enjoy." He went about polishing the counter of the bar.

Dirty Pool looked suspiciously between 'Curly' and Sheriff 'Tex' then shrugged and threw the drink down his throat.

"So, Dirty Pool," Sheriff 'Tex' leaned against the bar. "You reckon you'll stay around Deadeye for a while?"

"You have much for outlaws in these parts?"

"It's pretty quiet right now. You missed the Guthrie/Summers range war."

Dirty Pool shrugged. "Timing is everything."

Sheriff 'Tex' nodded. "Truth to tell there isn't much here in Deadeye to keep your average outlaw occupied."

"No banks?"

"One. Pretty small."

"Houses of Ill Repute?"

"Closest we have is Miss Rahne's Catholic School down by the river."

"Restless natives?"

"No one much in this area to raise any kind of stink."

"Stinka Dinka Dink A Dinka Dooâ€¦!"

"Shut up! Shut up!" [Bang! Bang!]

The music ceased again.

"Barkeep!" Dirty Pool pounded the countertop. "Another Seein' Double!"

"Right away, sir."

"What about gamblers?" Dirty Pool asked, turning back to Sheriff 'Tex'.

"Lucky Diamond around here, Curly?" Sheriff 'Tex' asked the barkeep.

"I think he's sleeping in the back room, Sheriff."

"I'll go roust him," Sheriff 'Tex' wandered towards the storage rooms in the back of the saloon.

'Curly' handed Dirty Pool another Seein' Double as Sheriff 'Tex' pounded on the back room door. "Up and at 'em, Lucky Diamond!"

Dirty Pool downed the second drink as Sheriff 'Tex' came out accompanied by Jamie 'Lucky Diamond' Madrox. Dirty Pool took one look and spewed his drink all over the mirror behind the bar.

"You all right, sir?" Curly poured another drink. "Have a sarsaparilla."

Lucky Diamond was slightly ruffled after his sleep but still managed to cut a dashing figure in his white shirt and fancy vest. "Good evening, sir," he drawled casually. "Am I to believe you are interested in a game?"

Dirty Pool narrowed his eyes and glared at Curly, Lucky Diamond and Sheriff 'Tex' in turn. "You guys are creeping me out. You wanna know what I think? Something is very weird here, that's what I think."

"Thinka Dinka Dink A Dinka Dooâ€¦!"

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!!" [Bang! Bang! Bang!]

The music, again, ceased.

"Weird?" Lucky Diamond looked at Sheriff 'Tex'. "Have you seen anything weird in these parts, Sheriff?"

"Only the Guthries and Summerses."

Curly, Lucky Diamond and Sheriff 'Tex' laughed at the joke.

Dirty Pool grimaced. He tossed a few coins onto the bar. "Yeah, whatever." He headed towards the door.

Sheriff 'Tex' and Lucky Diamond followed. "Leaving so soon?"

"Yes!" Dirty Pool snapped. "You know, I've robbed banks, stagecoaches and trains. I've been in shootouts that would have turned most guys into quivering lumps of goo. But you people are just *wrong*! I'm getting out while I can still function. I don't even want to think about how seeing you freakazoids is going to affect my horse."

"Well, another threat quelled," Sheriff 'Tex' puffed his chest out. "Now," he mounted up, "I'm going to follow standard procedure and ride off into the sunset."

"Looky here, Sunny Jim," Dirty Pool snapped.

"Tex. My name is Tex."

"Whatever. A: That's my horse you're on. B: You're the sheriff, you're not allowed to ride off into the sunset."

"Oh. Right. Sorry."

Dirty Pool took Sheriff 'Tex's place on Deuce. "See you around, mouthbreathers. After this place I really could use a shrink."

"Shrinka Dinka Dink A Dinka Dooâ€¦!"

"I said SHUT UP!!" [Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!] "Man, kill that guy, will you?"

Lucky Diamond shook his head. "He's one of a kind."

"Thank God," Dirty Pool shuddered. "This town is scary enough without more of him. Okay, Deuce we're outta here and none too soon!" Deuce kicked up a cloud of dust as he and Dirty Pool set off into the sunset.

Sheriff 'Tex' nodded slowly as he watched the dustcloud disappear over the horizon. "Deadeye is safe again."

"Good work, Sheriff," Lucky Diamond grinned.

"Just doin' my job," Sheriff 'Tex' replied. "Just doin' my job."

End
file.